Bad Boys 2.0; or How 9.07 Should've Gone
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Bad Boys 2.0; or How 9.07 Should've Gone

by Kicon

Summary

My version of 9.07 in which Dean reveals his bisexuality and comes to terms with who he is

Chapter 1: Part One

Chapter Notes

My tumblr

When I saw the preview for this episode and the sneak peek, I thought that the writers had the perfect opportunity to make Dean canon bisexual, but they didn't take it. So I did.

I adapted the episode to fit what I think should've happened. A lot of lines are the same, but I changed some reactions or the way they were said. I also added or changed some scenes.

This story turned out to be longer than I expected, so it's broken up into two parts.

Although Dean and the OC are 16 in the flashbacks, this isn't marked Underage because they don't have sex (only a heavy makeout).

Some of you may know I ship Destiel, but there is NO Destiel or any other ship in this story. Nada. Zip. Zilch. Cas is brought up once by Sam, asking how Cas is and if Dean saw him when he went to Idaho (which in case you forgot happened in 9.06). This is a story about Dean coming to terms with who he is.

Without further ado, Bad Boys 2.0

Present Day

Dean hears the rough buzzing of a cell phone vibrating on a hardwood table, so he heads into the library. The sun is shining, it's a beautiful day, and he's been itching for a hunt. Sam's already in the library like the massive nerd he is, so he answers the phone. No big deal.

"Hello?" Sam answers. "I'm sorry, there's no D-Dog - "

Dean grabs the phone from Sam, his heart pounding at the mention of the nickname.

"Sonny," he says, because who else would know that name? "So what's up? ... Okay. ... All right. Yeah, just sit tight. I'll be there as soon as I can. ... Yeah."

He hangs up and Sam looks amused.

"So, what was that all about, D-Dog?" he teases.

Dean ignores the gibe like he ignores the uneasy feeling in his stomach as he refreshes Sam's memory about the Bungalow Colony and the Ping-Pong table.

"Yeah, uh, you disappeared," Sam says. "Dad came back, you were gone. He shipped me off to Bobby's for a couple months and went and found you. You'd been lost on a hunt or something."

"*That's* what we told you," Dean says as he remembers the lie as well as the real story, turning away from Sam. "Right."

Sam pauses. "I'm sorry - that's what you *told* me?"

Dean shifts his weight, turning back toward his brother. "Truth is, uh..."

You can't tell him, Dean, he won't understand, the cynical voice in his head says.

"I lost the food money Dad left for us in a card game," he says, which is true. "I knew you'd get hungry, so I tried taking a five finger discount at the local market and got busted. They sent me to a boys' home." Still true.

"A boys' home?" Sam asks. "Like a...a reform school?"

Dean's mouth is dry. He doesn't want to talk about this.

"Yeah, more or less," he says. "It was a farm, and the guy who ran it, Sonny, he, uh...you know, he looked after me." Also true.

They decide to go and Dean tries verifying with Zeke that heading out to New York is fine. Can never know with that guy, what with having to kick Cas out. Zeke doesn't pop out, so he figures they're all good. Dean starts to leave the library. He needs a painkiller or two to relieve the headache he's got from reliving the past. Sam stops him.

"Hey, Dean?" he asks. Dean turns. "I mean, why didn't you just tell me you went to a boys' home?"

Don't ask questions, Sammy.

"I don't know," he lies.

Yes you do.

"It was Dad's idea."

That much is true.

"And then it just...you know, the story became the story," he says, licking his lips. "I was sixteen."

Just a baby.

So they pack up the car and drive.

It's been a long time, but the farm hasn't changed much. It's still a big white house with a creaky porch that's surrounded by fields and green hills. The sign saying Sonny's Home For Boys is different, but the one that had been around when Dean was here had been pretty dinged up. It's all so familiar - too familiar.

"You were...*here* for two months, and Dad couldn't find you?" Sam asks as he comes around the Impala.

Stop asking questions, Sammy.

"Oh, no, he found me, found me quick," Dean says. A bitter taste fills his mouth at the memory of his dad's voice telling the police officer to let Dean rot in jail. "But he left me here cause I lost our money."

"You were sixteen, you made a mistake!" Sam defends.

"Yeah. *I* made the mistake," Dean says firmly. "Look, I know how you think. None of this was Dad's fault."

He walks away before Sam can respond.

You're right, it wasn't Dad's fault.

It was yours.

1995

"Well, this bed is yours. Make yourself comfortable," Sonny said, putting a piece of tape with the name Dean W. on it on the frame of the foot of the bed. The name it covered was Ethan J., and Dean briefly wondered what happened to the guy before he remembered that he didn't care.

"Thanks a ton," Dean said sarcastically.

"Well, take this time to relax and unwind," Sonny said. "Dinner'll be at six-thirty sharp. You'll start chores tomorrow."

Sonny turned to leave and lingered in the doorway, as if waiting for Dean to say something. After a moment he left and Dean collapsed face first on the bed. He growled and angrily punched his pillow. This whole thing was so stupid. He was just trying to get some food so Sammy could eat and his dad got mad at him about it just cause he got caught. It was his dad's damn fault in the first place for leaving.

But you were the one who lost the money, the voice in his head piped up.

Yeah, that was true.

How do you think you can take care of Sammy if you can't even win a card game?

Dean closed his eyes and wished for the voice to shut up shut up shut -

Another boy walked into the bedroom. Dean propped himself up on his elbows and glared at the boy. Most of the other boys that Dean had seen were ten or younger, but this one seemed like he was Dean's age or close to it. He smiled in the face of Dean's glare and went to the foot of Dean's bed. He had messy light brown hair, an angular jaw, and dark brown eyes.

"I thought I heard someone new arrive," he said kindly. "It'll be nice to have somebody my own age around for once."

Dean raised an eyebrow at him, trying to give off an unfriendly vibe.

"I'm Jack," the boy said, holding out his hand, oblivious to Dean's vibes.

Dean flipped over onto his back and sat up. He shook the boy's hand, squeezing it hard, trying to get him to realize Dean didn't want to be friends. "Dean."

"Nice to meet you, Dean," Jack said, trying to inconspicuously shake out his hand when they let go.

Dean smirked to himself and said nothing, waiting for him to get intimidated and leave.

"So, what did you do to get in here?" Jack asked nicely.

This kid couldn't take a hint.

Lie.

"I stole some peanut butter and bread," he answered truthfully.

"Most kids get caught trying to steal cigarettes," Jack said. "Why peanut butter and bread?"

Lie lie lie lie -

"My dad was out and I didn't have money and I didn't want my little brother to be hungry," Dean said without thinking.

Stupid.

"Good brother," Jack commented with a slight smile.

Dean sat up straighter and smiled a bit back at him. He was pleased with the compliment, because damn straight he was a good brother.

Jack peered at his arms. "You're bruised up pretty bad."

"Congratulations, you can see," Dean said sarcastically.

"Did your dad...?" Jack started.

"Did my dad *what?*" Dean snarled.

He shook his head. "It's none of my business."

"You started the question, so finish it," Dean growled.

"Well, you've got bruises on your arms, I wondered if your dad maybe..." he trailed off an raised his eyebrows, silently asking: *Did your dad do that to you?*

Dean scoffed and shook his head in agitation. "You're right, it is none of your business."

"Sorry. Forget I asked," Jack said quietly, shifting his weight.

Dean sighed, agitated that he felt a twinge of guilt in his gut for snapping at the guy. He had no desire to make any friends here, since his dad would come back for him eventually and they'd just pick up and leave again, but he didn't want to be a jerk.

"Sonny asked me the same thing," Dean said.

"Well, we see it a lot here," Jack replied. "What'd you tell him?"

Dean grinned. "Werewolf."

"Well, I might not know a lot about werewolves, but if I were one, my instinct would be to bite and claw, not to bruise," Jack said smartly, causing Dean to look up at him in surprise. He thought maybe, maybe this kid was a hunter-in-training too, and he knew about werewolves and other monsters too and -

But Jack was staring at him with this gentle, knowing expression in his wide brown eyes and Dean suddenly wanted to look anywhere but at him, so he tore his gaze away.

Jack didn't know anything about werewolves.

Dean rubbed his arms slightly to ease the skin crawling feeling that had just overcome him. He swallowed to get rid of the bile that had risen in his throat and then his gaze landed on a guitar case that was resting on one of the beds. The tape on that bedframe read "Jack P."

"That yours?" Dean asked, nodding toward the case.

"Yeah, there's a lady who comes by every week and teaches guitar to the boys who want to learn," Jack replied. "I'm her top student, so she and Sonny pitched in to get me my own for my birthday last year. I help her out sometimes by teaching the beginners while she works with the more advanced boys.

Dean nodded, but his eyes were still fixed on the case. Jack noticed the desire in his green eyes, and smiled.

"I could teach you some, if you want," he offered.

"Yeah, that'd be cool," Dean said eagerly, then tried to play it off. "I mean, if it's not any trouble, or anything. It's not a big deal, I mean, if you don't wanna or something."

Real cool, Dean.

Jack looked amused and Dean stared at his lap, his cheeks flaming. He was pissed at himself for acting like an overeager idiot.

"Dean, don't worry about it," Jack said. "I like teaching music to people. I think it helps a lot of the kids around here deal with their

issues. It gives them an outlet for their emotions, and I see it as a kind of escape."

Dean glanced up at Jack and saw that Jack was looking away, his eyes distant as if in remembrance. Then Dean noticed something: a scar on Jack's cheek, going from his ear to his jaw. It was uneven and rough, and there were smaller scars around it. Dean recognized them as scars that come from being cut with a jagged piece of glass -

And suddenly his body went cold.

"Can I ask you something?" Dean said unsurely.

Jack looked at him and nodded.

"When...when you said you see a lot of abused kids come through here," he started, not meeting the other boy's eyes, "...were...were you...?"

"Yes, Dean," Jack said quietly, absentmindedly raising his fingers to the scars Dean had just been staring at. "My dad abused me."

"I...I'm sorry," Dean said, his insides churning uncomfortably. "I shouldn't've asked. Forget it. I'm sorry."

"It's fine. It was a while ago," Jack replied. "I've accepted it and moved on."

"Why?" Dean asked, his voice choked.

"Why did he beat me?" Jack asked.

Dean nodded.

"Most people don't have a reason for abusing their children, Dean. They just do it," Jack told him, his eyes so gentle and knowing that it made Dean's skin crawl again. "Mine, however, didn't like that I like boys, so he thought he could beat it out of me."

Dean sat up straight. "You...you're *gay?"*

"Yes."

Dean saw well-practiced walls go up in Jack's eyes, and suddenly the warm, kind boy in front of Dean was replaced by an icy cold one.

"It that a problem?" Jack asked with narrowed eyes.

"I...I, well - Does Sonny know?" Dean blurted.

"*Yes*, Sonny know, as do all the boys, and pretty much everybody in town thanks to the gossipers." Jack sounded bitter. "Now I repeat my question: Is. That. A *problem?*"

Dean's mouth opened and closed, but for some reason he couldn't make a sound come out. He felt like an idiot and he felt like a jerk, and even though he hadn't wanted to make any friends this Jack guy was actually pretty nice and now he was just screwing everything up like usual.

"Because if it is you need to let me know *right now*," Jack continued fiercely. "I'm out and proud, and it took me a long time to get to this place, and I refuse to let people into my life who are going to make me feel ashamed of who I am. So, please, just - "

"No!" Dean exclaimed. "No, it's not a problem, sorry. I didn't mean to freak out. I just...my dad - he was a marine, and he felt strongly about...that sort of thing."

"Did the marines feel strongly about hitting their sons as well?" Jack asked, his knowing eyes trained on Dean's, and this time Dean couldn't look away.

"Listen, don't...don't get the wrong idea," Dean started.

Stop, stop, stop! the voice in his head was screaming, but he kept talking.

"My dad doesn't hit me or anything like that."

Why are you still talking?!

"He's not an abusive parent."

This guy has no right to know anything.

"He just...held on too hard."

You're a fucking idiot, Dean Winchester.

Dean closed his eyes and ignored the voice. He thought about Mom, and about keeping Sammy in the dark for so long, and about the search for the thing that killed Mom, and about the constant moving around, and about the way his dad reacted whenever the boys mentioned doing anything other than hunting.

"He's always holding on too hard," Dean said softly.

Jack put a hand on his shoulder, causing Dean to open his eyes. Jack was staring at him with that goddamn knowing expression and the boy looked sadly at him.

"That's still abuse, Dean," he murmured.

Dean looked away and Jack's hand slid from his shoulder.

"So!" Jack said cheerfully. "About those guitar lessons..."

Present Day

"So," Sam says with a grunt as he digs his shovel into the earth. "Dad didn't want you to tell me. How come? Was this place really so bad?"

Always with the questions, Sammy.

"I don't really remember," Dean replies, chewing his lip.

That's a lie.

"I mean, look, nobody...*bad* touched me."

It was far from bad.

He swallows thickly. "Nobody burned me with their smokes, or beat me with a metal hanger. I call that a win," he says, passing everything off as a joke.

Sam chuckles and Dean feels relieved, hoping to move on from the topic.

Dean's shovel hits something hard and they're in business.

1995

"Can I ask you something?" Dean asked, tapping his pencil on the table.

He and Jack were studying together. Dean'd been at Sonny's for about two weeks, which was the longest he'd stayed in one place in a long time and he had to admit...it was nice not moving around. Things felt steady, reliable. Dean was slipping into a routine. And he'd also

become pretty good friends with Jack.

It's all gonna end and you know it, Dean.

Jack looked up from his chemistry textbook. "Of course."

"When did you come here?" Dean asked. "And why?"

"I ran away from home when I was ten," Jack replied. "Stole some money from my dad to buy a train ticket. He tracked me down and started beating me right there on the train platform."

Dean sucked in a breath but Jack kept going.

"People freaked out, naturally," Jack said. "A couple guys pulled him off of me while someone called the cops. They took custody away from him and I testified against him. There wasn't much of a case in his defense since an entire platform saw him do it. A friend of mine had gone to Sonny's once, so I asked to go there instead of a foster family. Been here every since."

Dean nodded and turned back to his math homework. He started tapping his pencil again.

"Dean."

He looked up. Jack was looking at him.

"There's more you want to ask, isn't there?" he asked.

Dean nodded.

"Go on," Jack said. "Ask.

"What happened to your mom?" Dean asked, his voice small.

"She walked out on me and my dad when I was about five," Jack replied. "When I was taken away from my dad they tried to find her but couldn't. I have no idea what happened to her."

"I'm sorry," Dean said.

"You don't have to be," Jack said. "But now that I've told you about my family, I think you should tell me about yours."

Dean's stomach clenched.

You don't have to tell him anything.

"You mentioned you have a little brother," Jack continued when Dean was silent. "Maybe start with him?"

He doesn't deserve to know about Sammy.

"His name's Sam," Dean said, pushing the voice away. "He's four years younger than me. Real smart kid. Has dreams of going to an Ivy League school someday, and let me tell you, he could do it."

"You really care about him."

It was a statement, not a question, but Dean answered anyway.

"Yeah, I do." Dean fiddled with his pencil. "I've practically raised him."

"What about your parents?"

Don't you dare.

Dean bit his lip. "My mom died in a fire when I was four. Sammy was a baby. He doesn't even remember her."

"But you do."

Don't. Don't you fucking dare tell him about Mom.

But Jack's eyes were gentle and knowing, so Dean nodded painfully and ignored the voice.

"She wouldn't sing lullabies to me," he said. "She thought they were silly. Instead she sang Hey, Jude. And I remember the way she smelled," he confessed. "Like coconut. Now I know it was probably her perfume, but when I was a kid I thought she carried coconuts around in her purse all the time."

Jack chuckled appreciatively.

"After she died, my dad went a little crazy," he continued. "But he did the best he could. We move around a lot, never stay in one place for long. He's kind of a hard-ass, but he's my dad. And, like I said he - "

"Holds on too hard," Jack finished.

Dean met his eyes and nodded, swallowing hard.

"I understand," he said, putting his hand over Dean's.

"Thanks," Dean said with a slight smile.

Jack removed his hand and turned back to his textbook. "Now, do *you* understand how to balance a chemical equation?"

Present Day

"Cus's Place?" Sam asks as they get out of the car and head toward the diner.

"Yeah, Sonny took me here once," Dean says with a grin. "Best banana pancakes ever."

He's feeling completely at ease. They burned the big bad's bones and Dean didn't even have to face any of his own skeletons in the closet - which would be much harder to burn. Now they were on their way and were gonna get some good grub. All in all, Dean would call this one a success.

Sam rolls his eyes. "Speaking of Cus's, how's Cas?"

Dean's happy-go-lucky feeling fades and is replaced once again by uneasiness. "I, uh, I dunno."

You wish you did.

"You really didn't talk to him at all when you were in Idaho?" Sam asks as they enter the diner.

"He, uh, he was busy. Got a job at a gas station," Dean replies.

"So you did talk to him."

Shit, you can't even lie well anymore.

"Um..." They seat themselves at a small table for two. "Briefly. Dropped in on him just to say hi. Like I said, the dude was busy."

"But he looked like he was doing okay?" Sam asks.

If looking okay means looking like a kicked puppy, yeah, he's damn peachy.

Dean shrugs and looks over the menu.

"Dean."

"What?" Dean asks.

Sam sighs and picks at the corner of his menu. "I think he should come back to the bunker."

Uh oh.

"Sammy - " Dean starts.

"I mean it, Dean," Sam says. "He's our best friend."

Dean purses his lips. "I'll think about it," he says, just to get Sam off his back. "But it's up to Cas."

Sam nods, looking a little relieved, and picks up his menu.

"Hi. Welcome to Cus's. What can I get you two?"

Well, well, well.

Dean looks up at the waiter who'd just walked over and spasms so violently he almost falls out of his chair. Sam and the waiter give him strange looks.

Their waiter is older, around the brothers' age, probably closer to Dean than Sam. He has short, light brown hair and an angular jaw. There's a jagged scar running from his ear to his jaw. And he has a pair of wide, brown eyes that are all too familiar to Dean.

"Jack?!" he exclaims.

What was that about skeletons, Dean?

The waiter blinks. "Yes, that's my name," he says in confusion.

"Jack Powell, it's...it's Dean Winchester," Dean says emphatically.

Jack purses his lips. "Look, I'm a bit slammed right now. Do you want to hear the specials?"

"You don't remember me?"

Sam raises his eyebrows at the hurt tone in Dean's voice.

"We...we lived at Sonny's together," Dean says. "You taught me guitar."

"Yeah, well, I've taught a lot of boys guitar up there. Still do," Jack dismisses. "Now, you going to order or what?"

"Um - "

"Hey Jack!" somebody calls. "I need some help!"

"Excuse me," Jacks says, then walks away.

Guess you didn't mean much to him after all.

Dean feels like he's going to be sick and Sam won't stop staring at him with all the fucking questions in his eyes.

"Let's go," Dean says, rising out of his chair and heading for the door.

"What was that?" Sam asks when he catches up to him. Damn those long legs.

Questions, questions, questions.

"Nothing," Dean replies shortly, his stomach churning relentlessly.

His cell phone starts ringing and for some reason the sound is so jarring he feels like his head's about to explode.

"Nothing?" Sam repeats with amusement. "Well, obviously it was something."

Oh, it was more than just something, wasn't it, Dean?

The cell keeps ringing and Dean can't handle this right now.

"Who was that waiter?" Sam asks.

Dean fishes the phone out of his pocket and momentarily considers chucking it against the pavement before deciding it would probably be better to just answer it.

"I said it was nothing, alright?" Dean snaps. "Drop it!"

He glances at the number and answers the phone.

"Sonny," he greets, then his heart drops into his stomach and he *does not need this right now.* "What?!"

You fucked up again, Dean.

Chapter 2: Part Two

Chapter Notes

Near the end you'll find this: (*). If you play Angeles as performed by Jensen Ackles at that point I think it enhances the reading.

Read on, my lovelies.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1995

"Could you play another song, Jack?" asked Aaron. "Just one more?"

The other boys cheered their support for this idea. Dean laughed from where he was sitting in the window seat, watching the group of boys by the couch. Sure they liked Jack's playing, but really they just didn't want to get back to their chores. Jack heard him and looked up, flashing him a smile. Dean bit his lip and looked away, trying not to blush.

Getting butterflies for boys, Dean? You know what Dad would say.

Jack chuckled and ruffled Aaron's hair. "No can do, bucko. You guys gotta get back to work."

"But - "

"You heard him."

They turned to see that Sonny had appeared in the doorway of the kitchen, looking at them all with amusement. The boys groaned and got to their feet, which they promptly dragged out the door.

"Let me just put this away and Dean and I will get working too," Jack said, moving to take the guitar strap out from around him.

"Nah, you boys earned an evening of rest," Sonny said. "You're excused from chores for the rest of the day."

"Really?" Dean asked.

"Yeah," Sonny said with a smile. "Just don't go crazy and make me regret it."

They laughed and Sonny walked away. Dean got up from the window seat and walked over to the couch.

"My best friend, the guitar star," Dean said with a smile.

Jack chuckled and started to put the guitar away, but Dean made a move to grab it.

"How about a lesson?" he suggested.

Jack smiled and nodded. "Sure."

Dean put the strap around himself and sat on the coffee table in front of Jack. Their knees bumped and Dean smiled at the contact. He put his fingers on the strings and played a G major chord.

"Very good," Jack said. "Now D major."

Dean switched his fingers and strummed again. Jack leaned forward, crossing his arms and putting his elbows on his knees. One of his hands brushed Dean's knee and it sent a thrill up Dean's spine.

Too close, too close, too -

Dean ignored the voice. It was wrong. This wasn't close enough.

"Mmhmm," Jack said. "C major."

Dean started to move his fingers to the practiced position, but he deliberately put one of his fingers on the wrong fret. He strummed and the chord came out garbled and cacophonous. He looked at Jack with a pretend expression of confusion, like he had no idea what he was doing wrong. Jack looked amused, like he knew was Dean was doing.

"Wrong," Jack said with a smile, moving to sit on Dean's left on the coffee table. He scooted himself over so part of his chest was pressed against Dean's back. He curled his left hand around Dean's and moved his fingers to the correct position.

"That's C major," he told him.

Dean strummed and the chord sounded nice and pretty.

"Oh," Dean said.

His heart was beating in his ears and he was so incredibly aware of

how close Jack was to him. Jack removed his hand from around Dean's, but didn't move away from him. Dean turned his head slightly to look at him and *holy shit Jack was right there he could lean forward and just -*

"I like girls," Dean blurted.

Way to go, Dean.

Something flashed in Jack's eyes. He nodded and shifted himself away slightly. "I know."

Dean cursed himself. "Most of the time."

Jack looked at him curiously. "What?"

"I like girls...most of the time."

Nice save.

Jack nodded. "Okay."

"But..."

Don't go there.

"There's always been this part of me..."

You open that door, you're never going back.

"There's always been this part of me that likes boys," Dean said.

Well. There it is.

Jack pursed his lips as he processed this information. "I'm proud of you for admitting that to yourself. It's hard to do, and I'm proud of you."

Dean smiled half-heartedly and nodded.

"And despite whatever your father has told you," Jack said, "there's absolutely nothing wrong with feeling like that."

Dean nodded again.

"Thank you for telling me." Jack smiled at him.

"Of course," Dean said, smiling back.

"Now, about that C chord..."

Present Day

Dean is at a loss. He has no leads and no idea what to look for now.

He needs some fresh air.

He heads for the front door of the house when it opens and knocks Dean in the head.

"Son of a bitch!" he exclaims, holding his head.

"Shit, I'm sorry, I - "

It's Jack.

"Oh, hey, you disappeared at the diner," Jack says, closing the door behind him. "Did something come up?"

"Yeah, yeah, something did," Dean replies, not meeting Jack's eyes. "Bad shit happening."

"I've heard." Jack nods. "I've also heard they think it's a ghost?"

Dean laughs nervously. "Where'd you hear that?"

"Well, I've heard the stories of the cold air and the freak accidents, so I guessed," Jack says. "Stories say that a ghost's main problem is that it usually just...holds on too hard."

Dean looks up sharply, his eyes narrowing. "You goddamn son of a bitch. You *do* remember me!"

Jack shoves past him and into the living room, setting the guitar down on the couch.

"Did you really think I could forget you, Dean?" he asks, eyes cold.

Dean gulps.

You're in for it now.

"There are reasons I did what I did," Dean says.

"I'm sure there are," Jack replies. "I'm just not sure I want to hear them."

Damn, this kid grew some balls.

"My dad - "

"Oh, yes, your dad!" Jack's eyes flash. "Who I'm sure is responsible for causing you to regress back into pretending to be heterosexual!"

Dean shifts. "Keep your voice down. My brother - "

"You brother loves you, Dean, and he will accept you no matter what," Jack says. "It's you who has the problem accepting yourself."

Oooh, shots have been fired.

"You know what - " Dean starts, but is cut off by the sound of a couple boys screaming.

1995

"Dean! Dean, Dean, wake up!" Jack shouted, running and jumping onto Dean's bed.

"Wha - " Dean exclaimed, his eyes bleary with sleep.

"Dean, you won't believe what just happened," Jack told him, shaking his shoulders to get him to wake up.

Dean rubbed his eyes, conscious of the fact that Jack was straddling him and wondering if Jack was conscious of the fact that Dean had morning wood.

That's gay, Dean.

"What happened?" he asked.

"My mom called."

That woke Dean up instantly.

"You...your *mom* - but, how? I thought she - "

"I guess she finally started feeling bad about abandoning me and my dad, eleven years after the fact." Jack rolled his eyes. "She tried to track us down, but found out my dad's in jail and that I've been living here. She called Sonny and she wants to have dinner with me."

Dean couldn't believe what he was hearing. "And you're sure it's her?"

Jack nodded. "Positive."

"And how do you feel about all of this?" Dean asked, furrowing his eyebrows together and struggling to sit himself up.

Jack sighed and moved so he was sitting next to Dean instead of on top of him and Dean sat up.

"I don't know, Dean," he confessed.

Dean put a hand over one of Jack's and squeezed it.

Gaaaayyyy.

"I'm pissed that she left in the first place and I'm pissed it took her this long to find out how I am," Jack said. "But at the same time...She's my *mom*, Dean."

Dean nodded slowly. "I think you should give her a chance. I mean, I'd give anything to have my mom back, so if there's even a possibility of working things out with you two..."

Jack smiled. "What would I do without you, Dean?"

Gay gay gay gay -

Dean shrugged and laughed as he choked the voice down, locking it away in a box in his mind.

Jack shook his head, becoming serious. He turned so he was facing Dean completely, and put his hands over Dean's.

"I mean it," Jack said. "I seriously don't know what I'd do without you. I don't know how I've gone sixteen years without you. And, I mean, we've only been friends for almost two months, but - "

And because Dean was feeling particularly brave and because the voice wasn't bothering him, Dean surged forward and kissed him.

It lasted half a second because that's about how long Dean's bravery lasted, and he pulled back sheepishly.

"Sorry," Dean muttered. "I - "

But Jack lunged forward, tackling Dean down to the bed and kissing

him fiercely. He started straddling Dean again, gripping Dean's hips with his knees. Dean's hands roamed all over Jack's back as Jack lowered himself down to press against Dean fully. He licked and sucked and pressed and rubbed like he would never be able to again. Dean groaned and thrust his hips upward, causing glorious friction, and Dean flipped them over so he was on top.

Dean broke away to suck on Jack's neck and Jack, panting, said,

"Dean. Wait."

Dean froze, terrified that he'd made an awful mistake. But how could a mistake feel so good? He started to climb off, but Jack caught his wrists.

"No, no, no," he said. "Don't run away."

Dean stared at him with a scared expression.

"I just want you to be sure about this," Jack said. "Because I really like you and I don't want to get hurt, and I don't want to hurt you. You're my best friend, Dean, and I - "

Dean leaned down and kissed him hard, licking his way past Jack's lips and into his friend's mouth. He pulled away after a moment.

"You talk too much," Dean said.

Jack laughed and pulled him down again. He curled his fingers into Dean's hair as Dean returned to sucking that spot on Jack's neck.

"Hey, Dean?" Jack panted, gripping Dean's shoulders as Dean pushed up Jack's shirt, kissing up his stomach as he did so.

"Hnn?"

"I was wondering - "

"You're still talking too much," Dean warned, flicking his tongue out at one of Jack's nipples.

"Nnngh, no, I was wondering - "

Dean kissed him.

" - if you - "

More kissing.

" - would go - "

Even more kissing.

" - with me - "

So much more kissing.

" - to the dinner."

"Of course I will," Dean said, smiling down at him. "But can you please stop talking for five minutes?"

Jack grinned ferally and threw Dean down beside him, locking their mouths together as he hooked one leg up over Dean's hip.

"It'll be the same night as the school dance," Jack said, eliciting an annoyed groan from Dean.

"Jack. Talking," he growled, gripping Jack's waist to grind their hips together.

"Just saying," Jack defended, gripping Dean's hair and yanking his head back so he could lick a stripe up Dean's neck. "I know that Robin girl likes you. She might want you to ask her."

Dean rolled them over so he was on top again and stared with smoldering eyes down at Jack, who was panting below him.

"I don't want to go to some stupid dance with some stupid girl named Robin," Dean told him, his voice low. "I want to go to dinner with my boyfriend and his long lost mom."

Jack's eyes gleamed with happiness and Dean leaned down to kiss him soft and slow, as if they had all the time in the world.

"I want this to last, Dean," Jack whispered.

Dean kissed his forehead. "It will."

Present Day

Two dead and a kid who's gonna have a severe lawnmower phobia and now Dean has to track down little Timmy, who may or may not

be possessed by a ghost.

All thanks to you. Real hero, you are.

He wanders into the living room and Jack's there sitting on the couch, strumming on the guitar a bit. He looks up when Dean walks in.

"Dean," he says. "How's Greg?"

Greg. Who's Greg?

Lawnmower kid, Dean.

Oh, right.

"He'll need a lot of stitches, but he's gonna be fine," Dean replies distractedly. "Have - "

"Listen, Dean, I'm sorry about earlier," Jack says. "We're grown men, not teenagers, yet I acted about as mature as one. I'm sorry. I should've let you explain yourself."

"I appreciate that, and I will explain, but now's not the time," he says. "Have you seen Timmy?"

Jack looks at his watch. "He should be here for his guitar lesson soon."

"Yeah, we're cancelling that," Dean says. "Listen, you have to get out of here."

"What?" Jack asks, alarmed. "Why?"

"I don't - " Dean stops as a lamp flies across the room, narrowly missing Jack's head.

Oh snap.

"What the hell?!" Jack yelps.

"I'm sorry."

Dean's body fills with dread. He turns and sees Timmy standing there.

"Sorry about what, Timmy?"

Timmy swallows. "I can't stop her."

"We-e-ell," Sonny said as he came into the bedroom.

Dean and Jack turned to him, smiling widely. They had on some slightly-nicer-than-usual clothes that Sonny had found for them at the thrift shop in town. They were even wearing ties.

"You boys clean up good," he said.

They grinned at each other.

"You think my mom'll like it?" Jack asked.

Sonny nodded. "Yeah, yeah I think she will. Jack, could I talk to Dean alone for a moment?"

Jack nodded. "Sure. I have to go to the bathroom anyway."

He kissed Dean on the cheek and squeezed his hand before walking out of the room.

"What's up, Sonny?" Dean asked. "You sure you don't want to come with us tonight?"

"Look, Dean, about that," Sonny started.

Dread filled Dean's gut.

"Your old man's outside, and, man, he's really something."

Dean shook his head as his eyes burned. He couldn't believe this was happening.

"I tried to tell him what a big night it was for you and Jack - "

"You told him about Jack?!" Dean exclaimed, tears in his eyes.

"Well, yeah, I told him about Jack and his mom, and I asked him if he could come back later, but..." Sonny sighed. "He just said to tell you he had a job, said you'd know what that means."

A job. Always the job. The family fucking business.

God, he couldn't believe this shit.

"You know, after I got out of jail, this place gave me a second chance,"

Sonny continued. "It's done the same for Jack, and it's done the same for you, too."

Dean nodded, his lips pursed to keep from screaming.

"So if you want, I'll stick my neck out for you and I'll fight for you to stay."

Dean couldn't speak. He couldn't look away. He couldn't leave -

The Impala's horn went off. Dean wandered over to the window of the room and saw it. Sam - little Sammy - was sitting in the backseat, holding some stupid toy plane out the window and making it fly. He choked out a laugh.

He could stay. He could stay and live with Sonny and stay with Jack and possibly have some of the best years of his life. He'd graduate high school, maybe go to college with Jack. They could room together, get an apartment later, maybe they'd fall in love and get married if it ever became legal.

But then there was Sammy.

If Dean stayed, John would have nobody to hold on to but Sammy, and John would hold on tighter than ever. John would suck the life out of Sam, and the kid was only twelve. Bright, smart Sam who had the Ivy League in his future. All of that would turn to shit if he stayed.

And Dean would be damned if he sacrificed Sam to that just so he could have his own happily ever after.

He turned back to Sonny and held his hand out as one, rebellious tear slid down his cheek.

"Sonny," he said, "thank you. For everything. But I have to go."

Sonny nodded understandingly and pulled him in for a hug.

"I'll go tell Jack," Sonny said as he released Dean.

"No need."

They turned and saw Jack standing in the doorway. His eyes weren't gentle and knowing like they always were. They were dark and angry and confused and filled with tears.

"You're leaving," Jack said quietly.

Dean nodded, as his vocal chords had decided not to work. Sonny sidestepped past Jack and out the door, leaving them alone.

"You promised me," Jack said, his voice cracking.

Dean took a step forward with the intent of comforting Jack, but the Impala horn blasted again and stopped him in his tracks. Then he started again, shoving past Jack and out the door.

"Are you going to explain to me why you can't wait until tomorrow?" Jack asked, following Dean as he left the house. "Are you going to say *anything to me?!*"

"*Keep your voice down!*" Dean hissed, whipping around and getting in his face. "What do you want me to say? This was never going to last! You knew it, I knew it. You were just something to pass the time."

Tears flowed down Jack's cheeks, but his eyes widened as they focused on something behind Dean. Dean heard the footsteps a second too late.

Damn. Two months off the job makes you real rusty, Dean.

A large hand gripped Dean's shoulder, the fingers digging in painfully.

He's holding on too hard again.

"So," John Winchester growled at Jack, "you're the fag that's been fucking my son."

Jack looked terrified.

"Dad, no," Dean said, struggling against John's grip. "We - we never - "

"Get out of here," John snarled at Jack, who ran back into the house. "And *you*," he growled at Dean, pushing Dean so the boy stood in front of him.

"Give me one good reason why I should take you back," John said. "First I come back to discover Sam all alone and hungry and find out you got caught stealing. Then I figure it'd do you some good to be punished for your actions, only to discover you became some limp-wristed gay!"

"S-Sammy," Dean said weakly.

"Sam?" John repeated. "You think I'll let you around Sam now that I

know you're a fucking faggot? You think I want to expose him to your vulgarity?"

"Jack...Jack was nothing," Dean told him. "I'm not gay, Dad. I thought he was my friend, but he...*he's* the faggot, Dad, not me."

Liar, liar, pants on fire.

John glared at him. "Not a word of this to Sammy. He's been at Bobby's for the past couple months. Thinks I've been out looking for you cause you got lost on a hunt. And that's how it's going to be, got it?"

"Yes sir."

"Get in the car."

They walked around the corner of the house to the Impala, where Sam was sitting, innocently unaware of everything that had just transpired. He caught sight of Dean and his face split into the biggest grin Dean had ever seen, reminding Dean why he was going back and not staying with Sonny and Jack.

"Dean!" Sam exclaimed, throwing open the car door to run and hug him. "Dad found you!"

"Yeah, he did," Dean said, wrapping his arms around his little brother.

"I missed you, Dean," Sam said.

"I missed you too, Sammy."

Sam made a face. "That's not my name, Dean."

"Sure it is," Dean said, ruffling Sam's hair.

John started the car, a silent command to get back in. Dean climbed into the passenger seat and Sam got back into the backseat. As soon as the doors were closed, John peeled away from the house.

"Look at this cool plane Bobby got me, Dean," Sam said shoving the toy in Dean's face.

"Wow, Sammy, that's awesome," Dean said. "Can we talk about it later, though? I'm a little tired."

"Sure, Dean. Good night. Love you."

"Love you too, Sammy."

Dean glanced over at his father, who was staring straight ahead at the road. Dean leaned his head against the window, watching in the sideview mirror as they left Sonny's Home For Boys behind. He saw Jack's face in the living room window.

We hit the road, Jack, and we're not comin' back no more, no more, no more, no more, the voice sang cheerfully.

Dean closed his head, willing it to shut up. He tried locking it back up, but it refused to be held back any longer. And so it sang on.

We hit the road, Jack, and we're not comin' back no moooore.

We hit the road, Jack, and we're not comin' back no more, no more, no more, no more.

We hit the road, Jack, and we're not comin' back no moooore.

Present Day

Dean finds Jack in the living room again after everything went down. He's playing guitar, like always, trying to find some sense in this world through music. Jack looks up, stops playing, and smiles a bit.

"So...that's the family business?" he asks.

Dean nods. "Yeah, pretty much."

"Then what you said, about the werewolf...?"

"A werewolf didn't do that to me, but yeah, they're out there."

Jack shakes his head. "Holy shit."

Dean sits on the coffee table and folds his hands. "Listen, Jack, I'm ready to explain if you're ready to listen."

Jack nods and Dean tells him all about how he couldn't abandon Sam to that life, to their dad. He tells him he didn't mean the things he said that night. And Jacks listens. He listens with those same gentle, knowing eyes and Dean remembers why he had a crush on the guy so long ago.

"I understand, Dean," Jack tells him when he's done with the story.

"And I'm so sorry."

Dean shrugs. "*I'm* sorry, Jack. I wish I could've stayed and gone to the dinner and stuff. Speaking of, how was meeting your mom?"

Jack laughs and shakes his head. "She was a total bitch. Sonny went with me, explained that I wasn't having a very good night because my boyfriend had just broken up with me, and she said, *Wait, you're gay?* Then proceeded to throw a fit wondering what she'd done wrong to deserve a gay son."

"No!" Dean exclaims.

"Yes!" Jack counters. "Then Sonny tore her a new one, told her never to contact me again, and made her pay for all of our meals and the tip."

Dean chuckles and shakes his head. Typical Sonny. "At least it didn't set you back in your confidence about being out."

"I had a good support system," Jack replies. "But how about you? Have you been honest with yourself?"

Dean shakes his head again. "I haven't been honest with myself in a very long time, Jack. I've forgotten how."

"Try telling your brother," Jack suggests. "He'll understand, I know it. I've always thought it's easier to be honest with others than with myself. Tell him first, then tell yourself."

Dean purses his lips. He's been holding this back his entire life, and it's terrifying to even consider putting it out there. He's used to life pretending to be 100% straight. It's something he knows how to do. He doesn't know how to be honest, how to be himself.

All you know how to do is lie.

"You have a voice in your head, don't you?" Jack asks.

Dean looks up at him, eyes wide, because how can he know that? Oh god, Jack probably thinks he's crazy now -

"I had one too," Jack continues. "It's the part of you that hates yourself, isn't it? And no matter what you do, you can never get it to shut up."

Dean stares at him in shock. **(*)**

Well, he's hitting the nail on the head, isn't he?

"But it will go away if you just be honest with yourself," Jack says. "If you become honest with yourself, then it can't hurt you anymore."

I'll never go away.

Dean nods but says nothing. Jack sighs.

"Well, it's been a long night," he says. "I'd - "

"Wait," Dean says.

Jack pauses.

"There's this song that I learned how to play on guitar," Dean says. "I'd like to play it for you."

Jack smiles and hands him the guitar. "I'd like to hear it."

"I haven't practiced in a while, but I think I still know how," he explains before he puts his fingers to the strings and begins to sing and play.

"*Someone's always coming around here, trailing some new kill...Says, "I see your face on a hundred dollar bill"...*"

Jack listens, impressed with Dean's ability to play such a difficult song. He must've practiced it a lot, spending hours on the difficult fingerings and transitions. Jack knows the song, of course. It's Elliott Smith's Angeles, but somehow it sounds so much better coming from Dean. He hadn't even known Dean could sing.

"*Cause I'm all over it, Angeles..."*

Dean's lost himself in the music now. It's heartfelt and heartbreaking and Jack kind of wants to cry.

"*No one's gonna fool around with us...So glad to meet you, Angeles...*"

He plays the motif a few more times and fades out to nothing. Dean expects to hear the voice make some mocking or scathing remark, but it doesn't say anything. It's silent in his head.

"That's great, Dean," Jack says after a moment.

"I'm glad I met you, Jack," Dean tells him.

Jack smiles. "I am too. Are you going to talk to your brother?"

"I...I think I am," Dean says. "And I have this crazy feeling that it's all going to be okay."

"That's because it is."

Dean hands him back the guitar and Jack puts it in the case.

"So, what's next for you?" Jack asks as they walk out of the house.

"Same old, same old," Dean says.

"And you're okay with that?"

Dean thinks for a moment. "For now, yeah, I'm okay. I've got my little brother waiting for me in the car and my best friend waiting for me at a gas station, so, yeah, I'm good."

Jack smiles. "I'm glad to hear that."

"How about you?"

"Well, I'm honestly pretty happy here," he says. "I had dreams of leaving this town, but...I like working at the diner, and I love teaching the boys guitar. Been thinking maybe I'll take over for Sonny if he ever retires."

"You'd be great if you took over," Dean tells him, and it's sincere. "Guess we didn't know everything we thought we did at sixteen."

Jack laughs. "Not everything. Just some things."

He steps forward and hugs Dean and Dean hugs him back. They exchange numbers, promising to keep in touch, and Dean says goodbye to Sonny. Then he goes to the Impala where Sam's waiting. They get in the car and Sam looks at Dean strangely when Dean doesn't start it immediately.

"I..." He takes a breath. "I have to tell you something, Sammy."

Sam nods. "Okay."

"That guy? Jack?" Dean closes his eyes. "He's my...ex-boyfriend."

"Knew it wasn't nothing," Sam says with a little laugh.

"Sammy, this is serious!" Dean exclaims. "I'm, well...you know how I love cheeseburgers? Well I will always love cheeseburgers, but sometimes...sometimes I like chicken nuggets."

Sam raises his eyebrows. "Did you just use a fast food metaphor to tell me you're bisexual?"

Dean blushes. "How are you being so chill about this?!" he shouts. "I'm freaking out, Sam, I'm about to pee myself or vomit over here and you're making jokes!"

"You're making corny metaphors!" Sam says with a smile. "Dean, how did you *think* I was going to react?"

He shrugs. "I don't know, maybe with some screaming and cursing, telling me I'm a disappointment and a disgrace to our family - "

"Dean," Sam interrupts. "I'm not Dad. You're my brother and I love you. I don't care if you - " He tries to hold back a laugh. "I don't care if you like cheeseburgers or chicken nuggets."

Dean lets out a breath and it's like a whole weight has lifted up off of his shoulders.

"You left for me, didn't you?" Sam asks after a moment. "You didn't want to leave me with Dad."

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about," Dean replies with a smile, then starts the car and drives off.

Chapter End Notes

That's it! I hope you liked it! I'm pretty pleased with it myself =)

Please comment and tell me what you think!

~Ki

My tumblr

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!